

Merry Stories of Well Known Baseball Players

How Rube Waddell Once Pitched In a Bath Robe. Jimmy Collins the Victim of Catcher Schreck--Other Yarns

BASEBALL players are, as a rule, a merry lot of fellows. At their hotels, on the road and on rainy days, when no playing or practice is possible, they like nothing better than to sit around telling yarns and playing practical jokes on one another. Of course among so many men as now make up the big leagues there is certain to be met now and then a player who is pessimistic, taciturn and morose, who likes to be left alone with his own thoughts. But he is the exception, not the rule.

More amusing stories are told of George Edward (Rube) Waddell, the famous pitcher, than of any other diamond notable, and to even things up, Rube is a great narrator of humorous and impossible yarns himself. One of Rube's stories is as follows, according to one of his friends:

One day Rube was engaged to pitch a game for a minor professional or

semiprofessional team in a small Pennsylvania town after he had finished his regular season with his American league team. A tremendous crowd had assembled to see him pitch. He arrived a little bit late at the grounds, and every one was impatient at the delay.

Rube hurried to the dressing room and unpacked his valise, but when he came to put on his uniform he found that some mischievous person, wishing to play a joke on him, had cut and slashed it so badly with scissors that he could not wear it.

Rube told the other players to hustle around and find him another suit. But the only one to be found was far too small for his massive shoulders and long, heavy legs. Rube was disappointed. The manager of the home team, on which he was to play was wild eyed and almost hysterical.

"Play in your street clothes," he suggested to Rube.

Rube as a Financier.
"What," the pitcher replied, "ruin a twenty dollar suit when I get only \$200 for pitching for you today? Not much. That would be scandalous improvidence."

Suddenly an idea occurred to Rube. "Say," he cried to the manager, "I left another pair of uniform pants at the hotel. Send a man right down for them. I have a sweater that will take the place of my ruined shirt."

Straightway the messenger was dispatched, but he was late in getting back. The crowd was shouting for blood. Some people, disgusted at the long wait, wanted their money back. The umpire talked of forfeiting the game.

"What shall we do?" wailed the manager.

The Hero Faced the Situation.
"Here, I'll go in and pitch in this till the messenger returns," called Rube, and he waved in the air a gauntly striped bath robe that he had brought with him.

"What!" shrieked the manager.

"Yea," shouted Rube, "I will if you keep the police from locking me up!"

In a couple of minutes the spectators were amazed to see a lanky giant stalking into the box with a bath robe tied tightly around his waist, the sleeves rolled well up above the elbows, a pair of four tassels waving in the breeze. The heavy garment did not add Rube's twirling any, but he held the opposing team in check for two innings until the breathless messenger arrived with the precious nether garment.

Collins Versus Catcher Schreck.

A few days after Jimmy Collins, the ex-Boston American captain and third baseman, joined the Philadelphia Athletics he was in the home clubhouse preparing for a morning's practice.

Schreck, the able catcher, was read-



FIELDER A. JONES, CAPTAIN MANAGER OF CHICAGO AMERICAN WHITE SOX, WORLD'S BASEBALL CHAMPIONS.

ing the police news from a morning newspaper.

"I see," he said, "where a fellow was arrested for stealing a few little printed pictures and sent to jail for ten years."

"Ose, but that's fierce!" remarked Collins, all worked up over the man's fate. "Ten years is a big sentence for stealing some little printed pictures."

"But they were pictures of some of the ex-presidents of the United States," said Schreck.

"That doesn't make any difference," retorted Jimmy.

"And those pictures happened to be printed on \$1,000 bank notes," said the backstop as he ducked out of the door, leaving Collins to face the ridicule of the crowd.

Sam Crawford's Revenge.

Doc White, the well known Chicago American pitcher, is a dentist and follows that profession during the late fall and winter. A year or two ago Sam Crawford, the Detroit outfielder, heavy hitter and fast runner, early in the season said to some of his team mates at the start of a game with

Chicago: "I see that White's going to pitch today. Well, I'll get square with him all right, all right."

Crawford did not say why he wanted to get square, but almost every time he came to the bat he let drive a smash through or near the pitcher's box, making White's job a perilous one.

His team mates noticed this feature of Crawford's batting and were mystified until after the game, when Crawford was heard to say: "I had a toothache last winter and went to see Doc White. Say, he put me on the griddle for fair. I thought I was going to die, and I guess I wanted to die. But today I got even. I handed him a couple of bingles that will make him nurse his hands for some time to come."

Liever Took No Chances.

Ball players are the most superstitious men in sport, possibly with the exception of race track followers. One day in Cincinnati Pitcher Sam Liever of Pittsburg was seen to walk over to the bleachers, reach over the fence and extend an arm to one of the fans. When he walked back to the bench, Hans Wagner said: "Who was that--one of your friends? Why don't you give him a pass to the grand stand?" "No," replied Liever. "It was a hunchback, and a cross eyed one at that, and I knew if I didn't pat him on the back three times and then knock wood we wouldn't have a ghost of a show to beat the Reds today."

In the next inning Liever struck out three of the red legs, and Pittsburg won the game, 3 to 1.

Turning the Hose on Orth.

Clarke Griffith's great first baseman, the merry "Prince Hal" Chase, is a kiddier of the eighteen carat order. He is never at rest, except possibly when he is asleep. Being only a youngster and, furthermore, being endowed with the health and spirits of the hardy athlete, life to Hal Chase is one continual round of pleasure.

What Hal enjoys more than anything else is the playing of jokes, especially when these are pulled off at the expense of his elders.

Just before the New York Americans left for their swing around the eastern cities the last time Clarke was standing up against the great stand, enveloped in thoughts of the gloomy kind, when he was suddenly awakened from his reverie by the high pitched voice of Chase, who, slapping the little manager on the back, excitedly exclaimed:

"Look here, Griff, if you don't turn the hose on Al Orth before the game begins this afternoon then I'll refuse to play."

"Will my troubles never cease?" moaned Griff as he clutched at the wire netting for support. "What in the name of all creation do you want the hose turned on Al Orth for?" he

queried as he looked wildly up in the face of the first baseman.

"Come and I'll show you," grimly replied Chase. And Griffith, following young Hal in a dazed sort of way, arrived at the home plate, where the smiling Orth was battling 'em out to the other fellows. He found that Al had unconsciously put his stockings on wrong side out.

HARRY GRANT.

A. A. U. BOXING IN LOS ANGELES.

The Pacific coast amateur boxing tournament, probably will be held in Los Angeles next fall. Al Lawton, secretary and treasurer of the Los Angeles branch of the A. A. U., is trying to pull the big event to that city from San Francisco, where it usually is held, and he says that he has met with much encouragement from all concerned.

The tournament would take to Los Angeles the best amateur boxers of Oregon, Washington, Nevada and California, and there would be contests in all classes.

Last year the national boxing championships were held in San Francisco, and the tournament met with great success. The northern Californians are trying hard to keep the big boxing fete in the Bay City, but Lawton believes that the tournament can be secured for Los Angeles.

CAUTIOUS CHARLEY MURPHY.

President Murphy of the Chicago National club says: "It is no cinch that we will win the pennant this year. There are three other clubs that have a chance for the flag, and we are not underestimating any of them. Of course we have hopes of finishing first ourselves, as we are well equipped in all departments to meet any emergency that may arise. But we are not overlooking the fact that the New Yorks, Pittsburg and Philadelphia also are strong aggregations and that in a long race, like that of the National league, many conditions may arise that can put a perspective pennant winner hors de combat."

BALLS AND STRIKES.

President Johnson has finally instructed all American league umpires to always indicate strikes by raising the right arm. President Pfallman should similarly instruct his National league umpires. It is a reflection upon the intelligence of umpires that they should require command to uniformly employ so simple a method of pleasing the patrons of the sport. However, some of the National umpires have followed the practice of those in the American league.

SPEEDY ELMER FLICK.

"Elmer Flick of Cleveland is the fastest man in the business after he passes out base," says John Anderson. But Maloney and Niles are the speediest in going down to first."

THE ITALIAN MOON.

Your "honey-moon"? What ees eet? Eh? Eet ees da "moon of love," yan say? Wal, mebbe so, signore, but oh! You don't know, you don't know! You could not know unteel you see da moon dat shine een Eetaly. Here ees moon, but eet ees cold. Eetalyan moon ees ball of gold: So warm, so sof, you wonder why Eet stuck together ean da sky. You theenk eet gona melt an' run Like lumpa butter een da sun. So, too, eets--wat you call--eets "beam" Dat streams down on you, dey seem So theenk, so reechee lika cream. An' you can feel dem on your tongue Wen you are seeng your love song. An' warm an' sweet you feel dem slide Right down your throat, onteel eeside Your heart dey rest, an' eet ees hold No longer blood, but justa gold! You cannot know of love unteel Soch moonlight een your heart you feel. Wat for you smile? Eet ees true! For so, wen I am young like you, Wan night weesth Rosa by da shore Of Napoli I felt, signore, Ees gooda enough for you! All right, I eose dat you are love yan wife, But oh, signore, you bat my life, You eat her up eef you could be Where shines da moon een Eetaly. --T. Daily in Catholic Standard and Times.

Home Grown Motors.

Even a hook agent sometimes falls of achievement through unforeseen misunderstanding. "Colonel," said one of them affably to a Texan whose record he had looked up beforehand, "those are mighty fine boys of yours."

"The finest in the county, stranger," said the colonel. "The finest in Tex."

"I reckon you buy them anything they want?"

"Why, stranger, I buy them anything they need, whether they want it or not."

"Then, colonel, let me sell you a cy-clopeda for them. There's nothing else will do them so much good."

The colonel looked at him in astonishment. "Why, stranger," he said, "them boys of mine don't need any cy-clopeda. They ride mules."--Youth's Companion.

He Will Do That.

"Yes," said the voluble crank, "I used to be as bad as you, but I waded up my mind to quit smoking and drinking, and I did it."

"Indeed?" remarked Manley. "I guess a man who can quit smoking and drinking could quit almost any thing."

"Oh, yes?"

"Except talking about it."--Catholic Standard and Times.

Was It Fair?



He--So you persist in breaking off the engagement?

She--Most decidedly. What do you take me for?

He--Oh, about forty! Better think it over. It may be your last chance.--Sketch.

Wanted Some Reminder.

"Now," said the tailor, "we'll make this suit of clothes perfectly comfortable for you."

"Don't do that," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Just let me feel a little dressed up, so I won't forget my company manners and amuse mother and the girls."--Washington Star.

Poor Stuff.

"What?" cried the indignant poet. "You give me a beggarly 50 cents for that sonnet of mine? Do you think that's a fair deal?"

"Well," replied the editor, "there's more cents than poetry in it, at any rate."--Catholic Standard and Times.

Optics Closed.

"When I saw him yesterday he said he was looking for trouble."

"Well, I guess he saw it."

"How do you know?"

"Because he can't see anything today."--Houston Post.

Liberality.

Little Jimmie, who had just received a box of mixed candy, passed it around to treat the family, saying:

"Help yourself to all the chocolates you want. I don't like them."--Judge.

His Hopes.

Towne--So that French count is to marry Miss Roxley, eh? What does he expect to get from her?

Brown--A million dollars and a divorce later.--Philadelphia Press.

A Matrimonial Necessity.

"Mary couldn't take that outing trip without her husband."

"Why not?"

"All her waists button down the back."--Cleveland Plain Dealer.

And Yet They Make Fun of Them. Mr. Foggy London--What causes the delightfully clear weather you have in New York?

Mr. Manhattan--Skyscrapers, dear boy.--New York Life.

Struggles of Noted Stage Folk In Early Days

[From Our New York Dramatic Correspondent.]

THE way of the transgressor may be hard, but if it were any harder or more uncertain than the way of the person who aspires to stage success the transgressor's pathway would not be so popular as it is today. Some of the stories of the manner in which well known dramatic stars had to work in order to gain recognition are almost unbelievable, so full of misery, suffering and disappointment they were.

And others there are who have had to go through almost just as much in order to hold the recognition purchased by years of worry and toil. Behind many a smiling, powdered and penciled mask or face on the seemingly gay stage are a soul and a spirit worn out and damaged by reason of the nerve racking struggle to win. True, there are individual players who graduated from wealthy homes into "speaking roles" because of powerful influence, but they are the rare exceptions.



OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, WARLIKE NEW YORK GRAND OPERA IMPRESARIO.

Oscar Hammerstein, head of the Manhattan Opera House, New York, rival of Heinrich Conried and the Metropolitan, recently returned from Europe with a large number of operas that have never been heard in this country. By presenting these "novelties" he hopes to make the Metropolitan Opera House season of secondary importance to that of his own temple of song.



OLGA NETHERSOLE, WHO WILL AGAIN TOUR AMERICA.

Richard Mansfield's early struggles are often cited in support of arguments as to the difficulties attending the start of a stage life. Mansfield, though his parents were well to do, was too proud to ask their aid when, in London, he had his first setback and almost starved to death. Reduced to a few pennies, in winter he would buy a hot potato from a street vender and before eating it would hold it in his hands to warm them, as he had no gloves. He slept in a bare garret for a long period. It is said that some part of his irascible temper in later years was due to the memories of his privations.

Mansfield's first actual success came in musical comedy, but his first legitimate role that scored a decided hit was the leading one in "A Partisan Romance," that of Baron Chevalier. The story is well known of the way in which he obtained an opportunity to play this role which started him on his way to great fame and great fortune. The role was refused by a well known actor and Mansfield took it. He succeeded far beyond all his hopes, and later toured the country in it and won the nucleus of this large following. The role had a place in his repertory from that time on, and many

critics think it is his best characterization.

Jefferson, Terry, Kalish.

The late Joseph Jefferson and Ellen Terry both had arduous struggles in their early stage lives, though they never wanted for actual necessities, as did Mansfield. Bertha Kalish, the Yiddish actress who has proved a decided artistic success in "Mona Vanna," "The Kreutzer Sonata," etc., under Harrison Grey Fiske's direction, had a woeful start in drama. She came of lowly origin and stunted herself heroically as regards food, eating two scanty meals a day at times, in order to save money to prepare herself for the stage. It was only after years of conscientious work on New York's lower east side that she attracted the attention of the big managers. Mr. Fiske is said to have signed a contract to star her for ten years. So her future is now secure.

Blanche Walsh--George Evans.

Blanche Walsh is the daughter of a New York politician who rejoiced under the sobriquet of "Fatty" Walsh. Charlie Ross, the comedian, was a newsboy. No more need be said about his battle for existence. George Evans is another actor who was lucky when he could find a bed of soft coal to sleep on during some period in his early stage career. He was once stranded, penniless, in Louisiana, and at one time sang with a quartet that received a total of \$18 a week for its services, a rate of \$4.45 per singer per week. He was also stranded in Joliet, Ill., when a play called "The King of Trampians" went broke.

Warfield's Start.

David Warfield of "Music Master" celebrity and now a near millionaire tried and tried to get a start on the New York stage, but couldn't do it. He had left the Pacific coast, his home, discouraged by his low pay and overburdening labor. One day he made up as a grotesque character and sold ice water at a New York ball game, at the polo grounds, played for the benefit of the Actors' fund. The then powerful New York manager, who controlled the Casino, George W. Lederer, was attracted by his appearance and unique maneuvers and straightway took a fancy to Warfield. Very shortly afterward Dave was engaged to play a role in a Casino production. He was seldom in need of a position from that time on.

Alexander Carr is now hailed as a second Warfield of the old days--that is, he is inimitable in portraying Hebrew characters of the sort Warfield used to impersonate in his comedy days. Carr struggled for years to gain

a footing on the slippery dramatic toboggan slide. He performed in music halls and dance halls for a trifling salary. He worked and studied night and day. Finally when he appeared in New York in "Wine, Woman and Song," with a third rate company, at a third rate theater, the critics wrote lengthy articles about him. Managers went to see him give his impersonation of David Warfield and his character sketch of a crafty Hebrew father in a one act play, which father was a disciple of a philosopher, one Tublitzky. He was always quoting from Tublitzky's works, saying somewhat as follows: "A stitch in time is worth ten in the bush."

One manager signed Carr for a term of years at a large salary, and he will probably become a famous star in time. He is not worrying just at present.

The lesson is that, while stage rewards may be slow in coming, when they do come they bring veritable showers of plenty. Still it should not be forgotten that where one succeeds a hundred do not rise above mediocrity.

ONE RESULT OF THE AUTO.

One of the striking results of the great progress of the automobile industry has been the tremendous development of the manufacture of aluminum, of which some idea may be had merely by quoting a few figures. In France no less than 35,000 horsepower are continually employed in the making of aluminum; Germany utilizes some 21,000 for the same purpose, the United States a like amount and Scotland about 4,000 horsepower. This represents something like 82,000 horsepower in round numbers, an amount that can easily be doubled in the works now in existence. As each horsepower represents an annual output of 200 kilos of aluminum, it means that the total yearly production is something like 16,500 tons, of which 12,300 are produced in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe.

A TIMELY HINT.

No matter how arbitrary the rulings of the umpire, no manager or captain has a right to take a team off a ball field. Once the official is accepted, his decisions must stand. Protests are in order on points of play, and higher courts will always decide on the merits of the case, but have no power in the matter where club officials take the law into their own hands and annoy well meaning spectators who pay to see the show.